

Oxford County Advertiser.

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NORWAY AND SOUTH PARIS, ME., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1882.

NO. 49.

HENRY UPTON,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
Office near F. Howe's Insurance Office.

HOLT & KIMBALL,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law,
Office in Savings Bank Building, Main St.

HENRY M. DEARCE,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
Office in Savings Bank Building, Main St.

CHARLES F. WHITMAN,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
Office in Grange Building, Main Street.

JOHN A. ROBERTS,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
Office opposite H. Cole's Jewelry Store.

WILSON & GREENLEAF,
Attorneys at Law,
Office in Grange Building, Main Street.

G. A. WILSON,
Physician and Surgeon,
Office in Grange Building, Main Street.

CLAYTON E. EVANS, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
Office in Grange Building, Main Street.

T. S. TURNER, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
Office in Grange Building, Main Street.

FRANK H. TILTON, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
Office in Grange Building, Main Street.

C. L. PIKE, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
Office in Grange Building, Main Street.

B. F. BRADBURY, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
Office in Grange Building, Main Street.

NEW HAIR DRESSING ROOMS,
Office in Grange Building, Main Street.

NORWAY SAVINGS BANK,
Office in Grange Building, Main Street.

ROBERT N. FOSTER,
Office in Grange Building, Main Street.

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AND THIS IS HONOR.

The child and the old man sat alone
In the quiet, peaceful shade
Of the old green boughs, that had richly grown
In the deep thick forest glade.
It was a sad and pleasant sound,
That rustling of the oak,
And the gentle breeze played lightly round
As thus the fair boy spoke:

"Dear father, what can honor be,
Of which I hear men rave!
Field, cloister, and land and sea,
The temple and the grave.
It lives in all, 'tis sought in each,
'Tis never heard or seen.
Now tell me, father, I beseech,
What can this honor mean?"

It is a name—a name, my child—
It lived in other days.
When men were true, their passions wild,
Their sport thick battle fray;
When in armor bright the warrior bled
Knelt to his lady's eyes—
Beneath the dust of battle lies
That warrior's abode now lies.

The iron hearts of old that day
Have mouldered in the grave,
And slowly has passed away
With honors so true and brave;
The honor which to them was life,
Throbs in no bosom now—
It only glides the gambler's strife
Or decks the worthless vow.

CHARLES DICKENS.

AN OLD SOLDIER'S STORY.

We were quartered in India, with
sharp fighting ahead of us, and
very well. Meanwhile we did our best
to pass the time, and seized upon every
opportunity for "fun," as school-boys
do.

We all have our favorites in this world,
and there were two men in the regiment
who seemed worth more to me than all
the rest put together. One of them was
our chaplain, a handsome man of forty,
with a loud, ringing laugh, a face that
told of a conscience as clear as mail's
may be, and a friendly manner that won
the hardest heart.

He had a face of speaking of the
wife and children at home that showed
how well he loved them, and he wore
her miniature about his neck and had
showed it to me in a fond, proud way
soon after we became friends. Home
was always in his thought and often on
his tongue, and I liked him better for it.

My other friend was a young, rich
lieutenant; a dreamy, sensitive young
fellow, who had engaged himself on the
eve of his departure from England to a
beautiful girl whom I knew very well
and believed to be a flirt of the first
water. He had given me his confidence
entirely, and I, who had never had a
sweetheart, believed that I should
never care enough for any woman to ask
her to be my wife, somehow took a
great interest in his heart affairs, and
found as I was of him, could not help
smiling at his raptures over shallow-
hearted Phoebe Dutton for his life.

We three—the chaplain, young Her-
bert and I—were breakfasting to-
gether one morning, when my ser-
vant entered, and with an odd expres-
sion on his face, explained that there was
a queer-looking Indian chap outside who
asked admittance.

"I know something about him," he
said, "and he's in league with the devil
if ever man was. That lad of his knows
more than he ought to," he added. "We
had a peep at the show last night and
frightened ourselves finely. Still it's
curious."

"It is probably an Indian magician,"
said the chaplain.

"Yes, sir," said the man. "That's the
name for him, I believe. Shall he come
in?"

"Let him in," said I. "We'll see him,
at all events."

The servant retired and in a moment
more re-appeared, ushering in a very
singular individual.

It was an old man, with a bronzed skin,
a long, hooked nose, flashing black eyes,
and a long white beard. He stooped as
he walked, and leaned on a long, thick
staff with one hand, and with the other
upon the shoulder of a beautiful boy of
perhaps ten years old. As he approached
he made us a low reverence and addressed
us in some words that were incompre-
hensible to me. The chaplain, however,
interpreted them.

"The man declares himself to be a
magician," he said, "and desires to
know whether we have any wish to know
what has happened in our own country
since we left it. Of course it is all rub-
bish, but these exhibitions are said to be
curious. Shall we let him do what he
can, gentlemen?"

"By all means," said I. "We are too
old to be frightened, I fancy."

Herbert merely nodded, but I, who was
always a little superstitious for the time
being, and I saw a hope of hearing some-
thing about Phoebe Dutton in his big
blue eyes.

Turning from us, the chaplain signi-
fied the magician, that he might pro-
ceed, and he, in turn, addressed the boy,
who at once proceeded to business by
spreading a rug, which he carried under
his arm, upon the ground and placing
the old magician, carefully upon it.
Having done this, he prostrated himself
at his feet and lay there, face downward
and perfectly motionless.

Meanwhile the magician drew from his
bosom a small flask, and having ut-
tered some words over it, touched the
boy upon his shoulder. On the instant
the little fellow started up and knelt be-

fore him with one hand extended, the
palm upwards and hollowed into a sort
of cup, and into this the magician slowly
poured from the flask a black liquid not
unlike ink, and then grasping the boy's
wrist, addressed the chaplain.

"He says that the boy will look for
anyone any person present desires to see,"
he said, "and he begs us to make
haste, for the condition into which the
child is thrown is very exhausting."
What says Nesbit—do you desire a peep
at anyone?"

"Not I," he answered. "But, come,
Herbert, you try."

The young man turned his dreamy
blue eyes upon me, and said:
"Yes," he said, "I'll try." "If I hoped
he knew anything of Phoebe I should be
very glad. Ask him if he can do any-
thing for me, will you?"

The magician seemed to understand
him. He motioned him to advance, and
spoke to the boy, who at once began to
speak in English.

"I see—yes, I see," he faltered, in a
strange, rapid way, as people speak who
suffer from fever; "I see such a pretty
thing—a place—a house. There are
columns; there are painted windows;
there are people—so many people!—and
there is a lady; she is all in white; and
there is flowers, orange blossoms, in her
hair, and she has a veil. And there is a
man dressed like you, and another man
dressed in white robes; and the first man
is putting a ring on her finger—on the
lady's finger; and now he kisses her; and
now—I can't see any more. It is gone."

"It is a wedding—a happy wedding,"
said the chaplain. Herbert blushed and dropped a handful
of coin into the magician's lap, and our
chaplain addressed the boy.

"My lad," he said, "try to go to Eng-
land again; try to follow my thought. I
am thinking of home now—of my wife.
Do you know what I think of, and of
whom?"

The boy nodded slowly.
"Oh, I am so tired," he said, "but I
will go—I will try. It is very far—very
far. Now—I see. Now I see—I don't
know what I see. It is black—a black
black box."

"A black box!" said the chaplain.
"Look again."

"It is so dark," said the boy—"a dark
room—but I see a black box full of white
linen. Wait—I see plainer. It has
something else in it—a woman—a dead
woman. It is what the English people
are buried in—a coffin."

And with these words he dropped on
his face and the black liquid dropped
from his hand to the floor. The chaplain
had turned deadly pale. He sat down and wiped away the great
drops that had started to his brow.

"What a fool I was to put myself in
the way of being frightened by a moun-
tain!" he said. "What can that child
know of anything that has happened or
will happen in England?"

Then he, too, thrust coin into the magi-
cian's hand and bade him go.

For my part I laughed at the whole
affair.

"The rascal fancied you a widower," I
said, "and believed Herbert, as he is, a
lover looking forward to his wedding. The
boy has been taught to see these
two pictures, and he acts well—that is
all."

My friend agreed with me in words, if
not at heart.

It was eight weeks before the mail
came in. I never shall forget that morn-
ing, or how the men crowded in, eager-
eyed and anxious to hear from home.
The officers had their sooner than the
others, and I had stepped aside with
mine when I heard some one give a
groan. I looked about me; there was a
tall palm-tree close by, and against it
leaned the chaplain, his hand to his heart.
"For Heaven's sake, what is the mat-
ter?" I cried.

But before he answered I knew. His
wife was dead.

It was more than he could bear, I saw
that, and took his arm in mine and led
him to my tent, as one leads the blind.
But the tent was not empty, as I expected
it would be.

A WARNING FROM ST. PAUL.

THE CURSE OF ILL-GOTTEN WEALTH.
Rev. Robert Collyer on the Danger of Speculation—A Warning to Young Men.

Rev. Robert Collyer, in a sermon of
"Homely Words for These Times," took
his text from I. Thessalonians, iv., 11,
"That ye study to be quiet, and to do
your own business, and to work with
your own hands as we commanded
you; that ye may walk honestly toward
them that are without, and that ye may
have lack of nothing." There was, when
this was written, the preacher said, a
spirit of speculation rampant among the
people of Thessaly and the Apostle Paul
saw that they were more given up to
dreaming than to working. There was
too much talk about the celestial city
and about its wealth and its treasures,
and not enough endeavor to win the
right of entry there. The people were
trying to win and discover new roads and
short cuts to wealth, and in the mean-
time Paul saw that the true manhood and
the true Christianity was rapidly evapor-
ating out of them. So he warned them
in words plain and to the point that the
way to prosperity, and to happiness and
to godliness was for each man to do his
appointed work, to contribute something
to the general good, and so win the right
to take something from society and the
world. The world owes no man a living,
but it offers to each man a chance to
make an honest living, to enjoy all that
can naturally be partaken of, and more
than that, to be good, and to be true, and
to be a blessing to the world.

The warning which St. Paul uttered
the preacher thought, a special ap-
plication in this day and generation. It
was an era of speculation, and ill-gotten
stocks were more talked about, more
fought about and more thought about
than the manhood which comes from a
successful career, whether the career be
the humble one of a handicraftsman or the
more responsible one of a director of
great works. Men think of the celestial
city only as a place where the gold lies
so near the surface that there is no need
of digging for it; where corner lots near
the throne must be good holdings and
wealth is to be eternal possession of
good things without the necessity of any
work to enjoy them. Men are wildly
seeking to reach the one goal of wealth
by some by-way rather than the high-
way of work. We are drifting on and on
toward a crash. There is no talk of the
values of things, but of the prices which
may be obtained. A man doubts his
stock by some legitimate means of the
printing press and then wonders to wake
up one morning and find that he has
lost all that he has done nothing to
maintain, and that he has done nothing
to merit reward, that he has earned
nothing substantial. Men whom we
thought first-class suddenly find the
penitential door opening before them.
They were shams, and are but getting
their deserts. Men who were princes of
wealth turn out to be really beggars.

They had contributed nothing to the
world, and when their borrowed plumage
was stripped off them only the gaunt
skeleton of real poverty was found.
God's laws are not to be disobeyed with
impunity. The righteous law, for so
many are his, and he is not to be
served, nor are his laws to be broken
and the other hand, and the
ungodly and the unscrupulous have per-
mitted to enjoy that which they have not
earned. We will recall a score of shini-
ng contradictions to this law. Ah! they
are only seeming anomalies. Wait, and
in God's good time the cycle of retribu-
tion will sweep them from your sight
and the power of the law of Heaven made
manifest.

There is a tendency to drift on to the
very antithesis of communism; to seek
something for every man, for every
thing, for every man, for every thing,
and to make come down. And, again, the
words of Scripture come to pass, that
there is lack of nothing when you do
your own business and work with your
own hands. If you are a baker or a
preacher, a doctor or a blacksmith, at-
tend to your own business and let specu-
lation alone. There is comfort in money
honestly earned and well spent, but none
in the gains that come from a turn of
stocks, from some manipulation by which
you get the better of your fellows, and
that they could have robbed you as you
rob them is no justification. It does
not make your enjoyment of the
money the greater to know that if you
had not got it by hook and crook that
somebody else would have gotten it so.
God's command through His apostles
and His disciples is directed to each of
you individually, and each one in his own
right and in his own person will be held
to an account for the purity of that man-
hood which it should be his highest aim
to cultivate.

In conducting Dr. Collyer said he was
moved to preach a sermon on such a topic
and to use plain words, that young men
may be warned in time. There is room
enough for all and a competence for each
one that may seek it, but there are, as
well, many glittering pits of de-
struction, and a bartering of manhood
and womanhood for a bubble. There
were fine clothes and blackened hearts,
jeweled hands and soiled manhood,
and men represented all that there
was of value about their wearers. They
were the veneering to a mass of deceit
and corruption, and God looked down
deep enough to see all that there was of
man or woman, no matter how finely he

or she looked on the outside. He knew
the generous giver who falls a prey in
comforting the afflicted and the sordid
seeker after notoriety, who gave the drip-
pings of his wealth and was not easy
until the fact had been blazoned out in
the newspapers. God is not deceived by
trappings, and for the devil they are the
vithes by which he binds his victims and
drags them down to perdition.

Wealth got in honest channels is obedi-
ence to God's laws, and spent in further-
ing His kingdom, raises man to heaven,
but snatched in the whirlpool of specu-
lation, wrested from less fortunate ones
in the battle of life it is a weight which
crushes out one's manhood, and with that
gone there is nothing worth living for
and nothing to look forward to in dying.

How Mines are Worked.

The Laramie Boomerang says: "I
wish you would tell me about how men get
gold and silver out of a mine, my dear,
said a lady in East Laramie the other
evening to her husband, as he peeled
off his coat and sat down in three chairs
for the evening.

"Well, what kind of a mine do you
wish to hear about—gold or silver, quartz
or placer, deposit or refined lead?"
"No, all of them kindly. I want to
know whether their scrape off the gold
from the under side of the ground and
wash the dirt off in the creek, or how
is it?"

"Well, they don't scrape off the under
side of the ground exactly. There you
are in error. In placer mining they
have to collect the dust and pan it out
with a gold-pan."

"Oh! they have to use a gold pan, do
they? That must be what makes mining
so expensive. Does the pan have to be
solid gold?"

"No, it isn't made of gold; it is simply
to pan gold, hence the name. In quartz
mining the prospector finds first the float,
and, tracing it to the head, he begins to
dig for the purpose of ascertaining how
extensive it is, and what it will assay."

"Oh, that is it. I thought they first
bored into the ground with a pay streak
until they found the shaft, and then they
drifted for the assessment, and when
they found that, they just put a blast in
the indications and salted the dump.
Now, it seems that you don't do that
way. You follow up the mine shaft until
you strike the vein. Then you
see if you can find a color that makes
the copper-stained tributaries that
flow from the prospect, and you—"

"No, I must stop you there; you are
getting a little off the vein. You prob-
ably have the right idea, but you are
using terms that are not correct. After
they get the wall of the rock on the
dug and pitch out the night shift, they
salt and contract and blast the vertical
chickadee. Then they drift for the blos-
som rock, baled hay and poverty till
strike the varicose vein. After that it is
a short job to put on the bias folds and
sample the stockholders.

"The prospector, however, the broad-
bituminous deposit, bisects the gauge with
periphery and scowls the gauge with
crossed shirings and bi-carbonate of
bitious color interlaced with more
amiable vads of gray copper and free
milling crysals.

"It is not always the case, however,
for indirectly or inversely, perhaps more,
or sometimes less, as the case may be,
and still we might or might not, and also
besides, if not always, as already de-
scribed, perhaps yet I wouldn't be pos-
itive of anything that might be doubted."

Then he laughed and said, "I have
always been told that if husbands would
always explain these things to their
wives, how much pleasanter our homes
would be."

The Wolf and the Goose.

A Goose who was prowling through the
forest one day in search of prey, observed
a Wolf sitting on the limb of a tree and
called out:

"Good morning, my dear. You are
looking unusually well this morning."

"That's all tatty," replied the Wolf.
"Pon honor, but I'd give a thousand
dollars to have your complexion."

"Would you?"
"Indeed I would, and such eyes as
you have got! Yum! yum!"
"Do you really think so?" grinned the
pleased Wolf.

"You bet I do. Why, if I had your form
I'd go on the stage and make my fortune."

The Wolf put his finger in his mouth
and looked silly and felt flattered, and
the Goose licked her chops and con-
tinued:

"Please come down and let me take
the taste of your coat-tails. Such a
graceful set I never saw in my travels."

A WILKES BOOTH ROMANCE.

[From the Pittsburg Dispatch.]
Miss Estelle was not very friendly to-
ward me for the first day or two. I was
young enough to be enthusiastic in my
politics, and I had the Pittsburg back-
bone in me; and the young lady seemed
to guess this, and avoided any talk with
me about the war, although she some-
times talked to me through her mother.

I was fortunately fond of music, and
knew something about it. This bridged
the chasm between us, and finally made
us pretty good friends and tolerant of
each other's opinions. Well, one morn-
ing—it was Wednesday, I remember—
Miss Estelle and I were at the breakfast
table, Mrs. ——— having excused herself,
as she had some household duties to at-
tend to. The young lady's attention was
evidently pre-occupied about something,
for she talked at random, and seemed to
be thinking. At last she said, with a
rather odd expression of face: "I expect
a friend to call on me this afternoon. I
think you will like him. He is very fond
of music."

I asked who he was, and she, looked
rather disturbed at my question, but re-
plied: "He is my best friend; he is an
actor, and is coming over from Washing-
ton." I remembered what her mother
had told me, and I changed the topic of
conversation. In the afternoon, about 4
o'clock, I was sitting in the parlor with
Estelle, when her brother Bob came in
with a letter for her. She blushed when
she saw the handwriting on the envelope,
and tore it open hastily. Then her ex-
pression changed, and she showed that
she was disappointed. She read the let-
ter two or three times, and then ex-
claimed:

"It's too bad! He isn't coming.
I think he might have written more than
that, don't you?"

She tossed the letter to me, and, turn-
ing around to the piano, began playing.
The note read:

"April 12—It will not be possible for
me to keep the appointment for this
afternoon. I regret it much, but busi-
ness interferes."
J. W. B.

Three days after that I was to go
home. I got up early to help make ar-
rangements, and went out on the street,
where I heard of the assassination of
Lincoln. When I returned, Mrs. ———
and Estelle were awaiting my appearance
to sit down to breakfast. I was greatly
excited, and exclaimed as I entered:

"President Lincoln was murdered in
Washington last night!"
Both ladies screamed and looked
frightened, and Mrs. ——— cried out:

"O, they will kill all of us who are
friends of the South! Who did it?"
"A second actor named Booth—
John Wilkes Booth."

The words were scarcely out of my
mouth before Estelle gave a scream—
such a horrible scream that I shall never
forget it—and then she fell forward upon
the table, and from there to the floor,
dragging the breakfast things about her
with a crash. The mother seemed to be
almost as much affected as her daughter,
but she loosened Estelle's dress and
lifted her up, while I bathed her head
with water. I was terribly confused, but
I suggested that I should go for a doctor.

Mrs. ———, at the mere suggestion, almost
screamed.

"No! no! No one must know it!"
"Know what?" I asked.

"Why, don't you know? Don't you
know that John Booth was the man I
told you about—the man she is in love
with?"

Then I remembered the note, and the
fact that it was signed "J. W. B." Es-
telle had not mentioned the name and
that was why I did not understand it. I
was there two days longer, as I thought
she preferred to be alone, and I left after
promising her not to tell what I knew.

She was wild with terror, and feared that
her daughter might be suspected of hav-
ing some connection with the plot of
Booth and his companions. Estelle was
ill, and did not leave her room, and I
never saw her after that awful morning,
poor girl!

A Swiss Idea.

A correspondent from Switzerland
writes: "In all the cafes and beer-
gardens in Germany may be seen, in the
centre of the room, a metal box, placed
on a table, which has an opening in the
top, into which are thrown the stumps of
cigars. These boxes are put there by a
benevolent society, with a notice request-
ing gentlemen to deposit their cigar-
stubs for the benefit of the poor. Every morn-
ing an agent of the society unlocks and
empties the boxes, and with what result?

At Christmas time in the year 1881 sev-
enteen hundred and twenty-six children
were clothed by the proceeds of the sale
of this tobacco."

Up in the Morning.

Governor-elect Butler, of Massachu-
setts, rises at six o'clock in the morning
and takes a walk through the beautiful
grounds of his Lowell home before break-
fast. After that meal, with a little bou-
quet in his button-hole and a big one in
his hand, he drives to the depot and in-
dulges in his "regular morning excite-
ment," namely, to see how near he can
come to missing the train and yet not
miss it; and to catch the rear steps of
the last car, just as it rushes by the end
of the platform, seems to give him more
pleasure than a \$1,000 reward. During
the day at his office he is usually in a
good humor, but when something des-
perately annoying occurs he is sure to ex-
claim that such work never was seen be-
fore "since Adam was a boy."

WIT AND WISDOM.

"What's in a name?" Bright child—
"I know what they call 'em, mamma,
when there's three twins." "Mamma—
"What, Katy?" B. C.—"Gillies."

Mrs. LANGTRY never saw a fire in her
life until the Park Theatre burned.
If she stays in this country a year she
will want to "run wild de machine."

An old bachelor says: "It is all non-
sense to pretend that love is blind. I
never yet knew a man in love that did
not see ten times as much in his sweet
heart as I could."

It is said the Secretary of the Treas-
ury will soon make a call for the extended
fives. We hope the Secretary will not
be unkind enough to call for the ex-
tended fives of Mr. J. Sullivan, of
Boston.

A scoundrel asserts that all babies are
doat

GOODS this side of the City. No trouble to show Goods at PIERCE'S!

OXFORD CO. ADVERTISER
FRIDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1882.
NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.
Jewelry—H. Cole.
Holidays—L. Crockett.
Annual Meeting of National Bank.
Christmas Presents—W. C. Pierce.
New York Sun.
The Collector and County Gentleman.
The Noyes Drug Store.
An Appropriate Present—Drake & Co.
Roots and Shoes—Allen's.
Variety Store—Hobbs.

Norway and Vicinity.

Remember the dancing school.
We have concluded to keep our cat.
Have you joined the evening school?
The small boy is now happy with his sled.
Did you see the transit of Venus, Wednesday?
Single copy of this paper is 4 cents.
For sale at this office.

Horace Cole has a full assortment of holiday goods in his line.
The dancers should call at our office and get their orders filled.
The Noyes Drug Store extends its "first" to its many patrons.
The village schools commenced last Tuesday. No change in teachers.

OXFORD, 22.—At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of November, A.D. 1882, GEORGE S. AMES, Administrator on the estate of H. A. Ames, late of Norway, in said County, deceased, having presented his account of administration of said estate, and the same being read and approved, the Court ordered that the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, by causing three copies of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Co. Advertiser, printed at Norway, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, in said County, on the third Tuesday of December next, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed. A true copy—Attest: H. C. DAVIS, Register.

Old papers for sale at this office. Two papers for a cent or 100 for 45 cents.
Mrs. Edwin Wallace of Rochester, N. H., is visiting her sister, Mrs. E. H. Brown.

Christmas festival and New Year's posters printed at this office. Don't you want some.
The Oxford Co. Teachers' Association will meet at Gould's Academy December 15 and 16.

The advertising crowds us. Be patient. The printers must make hay while the sun shines.
The Sun has something to say in another column. For an honest paper look no farther but read it.

Boots, shoes and rubbers for sale at cost at the store of the late Benson Hawkins, to close out stock.
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Those who expect to pay for their paper in wood we wish would file their intentions of so doing at this office at once.
A Christmas cantata is in preparation by the Universalist S. S., and will be presented either Christmas Eve or Christmas night.

John F. Howe moves his pan-cake shop to South Paris. He is to occupy the Dancy Shoe Factory. The shop occupied here was too cold.

We recently received a letter from Wm. Erasmus of Bethel Hill, N. C. He says he has just finished a form of seal and a half months in school at that place.
Postmaster Nevins is to put in one hundred more lock boxes. They will be in running order sometime next month. If you want a lock box speak to him.

Ball at Union Hall, Andover, under the management of the Messrs. Thomas as Christmas evening, Monday the 25th. The Norway Quadrille Band will furnish music.

OXFORD 22.—At a Court of Probate, held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of November, A.D. 1882, On the petition of JOHN W. PERRELL, Guardian of the estate of said John W. Perrell, deceased, praying for license to sell and convey one of the parcels of the real estate, consisting of the buildings and land on the corner of the intersection of the road to Woodbury L. Stanton at an advantage of over two hundred and twenty-five dollars.

OXFORD, 22.—That the said petitioner give notice to all persons interested by causing an abstract of his petition, with this order thereon to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Co. Advertiser, a newspaper printed at Norway, in said County, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, on the third Tuesday of December next, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be granted. A true copy—Attest: H. C. DAVIS, Register.

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S. L. Crockett calls attention to the display of Christmas goods at his store. Those in search of presents should look over his stock before purchasing elsewhere. Read ad. and govern yourself accordingly.

Those who wish to enlist in the free evening school should sign the paper now being circulated by Harry Lane. Now, all you who are busy attending the day, male or female can attend the evening school if you wish.

We heard a man say he had a long horse sled which he would like to sell to some teamster in the village. We do not know the man's name, but we would suggest that a little advertising might bring him a customer. Try it and see.

STATE OF MAINE.—Oxford Co. Court of Insolvency Wednesday of Nov. 21, A.D. 1882. In the matter of Olin Edson, Insolvent Debtor. It is hereby ordered, that the said Debtor, in the matter of Olin Edson, Insolvent Debtor, be and he is, to appear at a Court of Insolvency to be held at the Probate Court Room on the third Wednesday of December next, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, and be heard thereon, and object if they are caused.

Insolvency Court, Oxford County. A true copy—Attest: H. C. DAVIS, Register.
Read the President's message and our appropriate present in another col.

J. A. Bolster sold the boss pair of fat cattle to J. Bennett the past week.
We see that Mr. Lewis O'Brien and family have settled at Canton, this county. He is engaged in the tailoring business.

The Norway boys, who attended the Andover Thanksgiving ball, claim to have been used very handsomely by the Messrs. Thomas.

Those who receive a bill in their paper are invited to remit. If the bills are incorrect please write to us and the matter will be made right.

W. C. Pierce wants the people to understand that he has a big Christmas stock at his place and is disposed to sell cheap. Call in and see him.

Notice of Assignees of his Appointment. AT Paris, in the County of Oxford and State of Maine, on the fourth Wednesday of November, A.D. 1882.

The undersigned hereby gives notice of his appointment as Assignee of the estate of Edna Wright of Gilead, in the County of Oxford, Insolvent Debtor, who has been declared an insolvent upon his petition which was filed in the Court of Insolvency, A.D. 1882, by the Court of Insolvency for said County of Oxford.

ALVAN B. GOWIN, Assignee.
E. W. A. and family are to move here the first of next week. They will board at Mrs. Benj. Whitehouse's. Mr. A. is to work in the shoe factory.

Mrs. O. F. Berry of Geneva, Ohio, after an absence of fourteen years, is visiting friends and relatives in this vicinity. At present, is stopping with her sister Mrs. E. H. Brown.

Capt. John Fitz is enlarging his store by putting on an addition in the rear. He has just received a large stock of goods. We notice that the friends of Mr. and Mrs. George Verrill, of Haverhill, Mass., made them the present of a fine mantle clock and silver fruit service Thanksgiving evening at that city. The presentation speech was made by Mr. Joseph Verrill.

The annual meeting of the Stockholders of the Norway National Bank of Norway, Me., will be held at the Banking House of said bank on Tuesday the ninth day of January, 1883, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, for the purpose of choosing a board of Directors for the ensuing year, and transacting such other business as may properly come before them.

H. D. SMITH, Cashier.
At the parish meeting of the Universalist society last Saturday the following officers were elected: C. S. Tucker, E. W. Howe and Samuel Faxon, Parish Committee; J. A. Crooker, Treas.; E. W. Howe, Clerk; A. B. Chase, Collector.

You should not fail to examine the wonderful Christmas stock of Christmas goods at Noyes' Drug Store. It is by far the largest and best stock ever seen in Oxford County, and still they continue to unpack more of those tempting gifts so well adapted to the holiday season.

To avoid having the two circles the same evening, the ladies of the Universalist Society have appointed their next meeting for Wednesday afternoon and evening. For just this once there will be a Picnic Supper, coffee being provided by the committee. Promenade in the evening.

A. J. Nevins has been appointed agent of the Allan Line of Royal Mail Steamships. He can sell you a ticket and assign you a stateroom on any of the steamers on that line, at the same time you can buy that at Boston or New York. Now if you want to make your wedding trip to Europe just call on Nevins and he will fit you out as far as conveyance is concerned.

THE NORWAY ADVERTISER came to hand last week with two pages with but a single thought, two sides that read as one. Was it the political earthquake that caused it, Bro. Drake?

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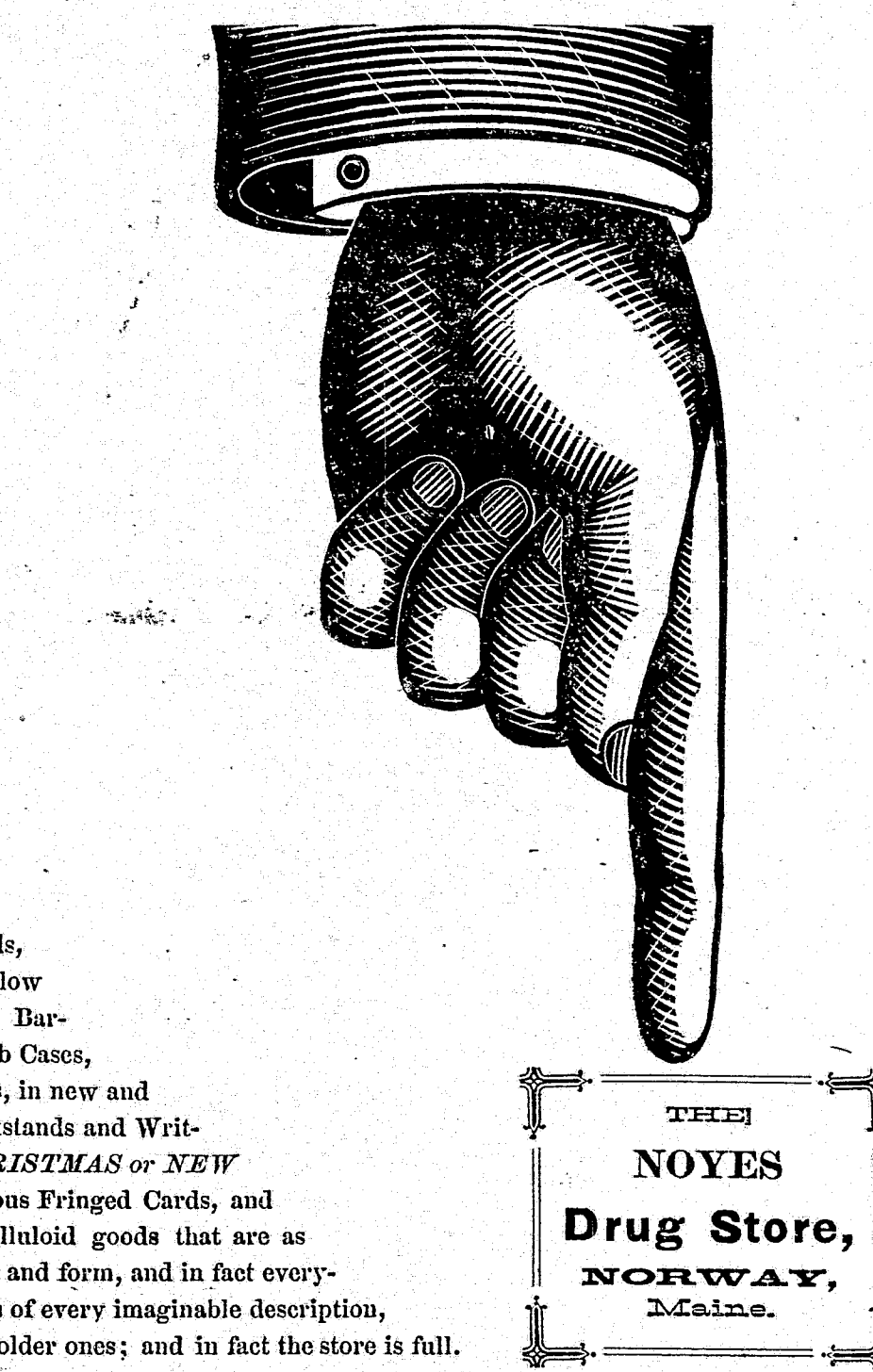
1882. CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS! 1883.

Everybody in the County of Oxford, are invited to examine the LARGEST AND MOST EXTENSIVE, but selected and varied assortment of HOLIDAY GOODS ever shown in this vicinity.

The Stock for the Holiday season of 1882-3, is by all odds the largest and best ever exhibited in the County.

Call and see for yourselves!

At the Noyes' Drug Store, may be found the largest stock of Holiday Good to be seen any where in Oxford County, which includes nearly everything in the line of Holiday Goods, consisting in part of Albums, both Autograph and Photograph, Scrap and Juvenile books, Work Boxes and Writing Desks, Dictionary Stands, Glove and Handkerchief Boxes, and the largest assortment of BOX STATIONERY to be found anywhere, including the famous Fifteen Cent Stationery; Plush Dressing Cases, Toilet Sets and Cases, a large line of choice Perfumes, and Cut Glass Perfume Bottles, Shaving Sets for those who need, Smoking Sets, and an unusually fine line of Meerschaum Pipes, Dolls of every style and price, Wax, China, Rubber and Indestructible, to suit any child; dressed Dolls for those whose mothers have no time to spare to dress them! Books to suit every tastes and pocket; choice books and choice bindings. Black Walnut Stands, Tables, Music Stands, Brackets, and some very handsome Willow Work Baskets. Special bargains in Accordions and Music Boxes. Bargains in Hand Mirrors, Fancy Hair Brushes, Brush and Comb Cases, Plush Brush and Comb Wall Pockets; Ink Stands and Racks, in new and attractive styles, including the new novelties of Olive Wood Inkstands and Writing Desks. Cards in almost endless profusion, suitable for CHRISTMAS or NEW YEAR! in all the new and novel designs, including those famous Fringed Cards, and those four famous Prize Cards, issued by L. Prang & Co. Celluloid goods that are as handsome and stylish as Ivory. Bird Cages in every shape and form, and in fact everything that delights the eye and gladdens the heart. TOYS! toys of every imaginable description, for the children. Vases of every style, price or idea to suit the older ones; and in fact the store is full.



No charge for looking around; look at the new Pampas Grass, a new novelty and a curiosity. Observe the extensive assortment of Cutlery! Pocket Knives, for all! Sissors and Shears, in every variety and price. Portemonnaies to suit every pocket and hand. DIARIES, in every possible style for 1883. The goods show for themselves. Call and see them. You will be well treated, and don't forget the place, the

NOYES' DRUG STORE, Norway, Me.

10 Cases More of New Goods!

—AT—
M. M. Phinney's.

Including a new line of Silks, Velvets, Plushes, Black & Gold DRESS GOODS, SHAWLS, DOLMANS, CLOAKS, CLOAKINGS, FLANNELS, WOOLENS, HOUSEKEEPING GOODS, FANCY GOODS, and the Largest and Cheapest Stock of Under Flannels!

For Ladies, Gents and Children, ever offered in Oxford County.

Remember we are selling the best 36 inch BROWN SHEETING for 7 1/2c; and the best 40 inch for 8 1/2c.

Parties living at a distance will find it for their interest to examine our stock and get our prices before going to the city.

We BUY and SELL for Cash, and have ONE PRICE for all. Very Respectfully, M. M. PHINNEY, Norway, Me.

Norway Lake. F. S. Gammon sent to Stratford, N. H., last Wednesday two car loads of working oxen for the lumbering business at that location. There may be found at his barns at any time for sale, working cattle of all kinds, from steers to seven feet oxen.

Mrs. Samuel Partridge who has been quite ill three weeks is now convalescing.

Mrs. L. A. Bradbury is confined in bed with a slow fever.

Elmer Hammond of Winthrop is on a visit to his grandparents.

One foot of snow within one week and no sleighing yet.

J. F. Bradbury has an excellent brand of coffee, put up in two pound cans, hermetically sealed, will keep fresh any length of time in any climate. It is the best coffee.

JOEL S. FROST & SON, Freight Carriers and Job Teaming! Residence and Stable on Water Street, Norway.

Your work is solicited. FRIEDLAND HOWE, Insurance and Real Estate Agent, Norway, Me.

Our Little Ones and The Nursery is one of the best monthly Magazines for small folk. Every piece is finely illustrated and very attractive to children. The December number contains the following: Pop-corn, by George Cooper; Wise Little Sparrows, by Clara G. Dolan; Maudie Owl and the Chickens, by Elizabeth Davis; Going to Bed, by Mother Carey; The Wise Old Mouse, by Uncle Felix; Ragged Joe's Thanksgiving, by Kham; Our Jennie, by Fink Hunter; In a London Fog, by T. Cramp.

BIRTHS.

At Albany, Nov. 20, to Mr. and Mrs. John F. Loria, a son.
At South Harrison, Nov. 20, to Mr. and Mrs. A. B. B. a daughter.

MARRIED.

At Oxford, Nov. 20, by Rev. F. R. Butler, Mr. George Towne of Oxford, to Miss Rita Husk of Waterford.
At Haverhill, Nov. 20, at the residence of Rev. L. W. Phillips, George W. Verrill and Miss Anna Watson, both of Haverhill.
At Randolph Center, Nov. 20, by Rev. G. H. Hamstead, Mr. O. H. Howe of Randolph and Miss Judith Rowe of Woodstock.
At Naples, Nov. 18, by Rev. S. D. Brown, Mr. Charles E. Sanborn and Miss Jennie Sawyer, both of Bridgton.
At Gilead, Nov. 21, by Samuel W. Potter, esq., Mr. Cyrus Milet and Mrs. Sarah J. Thurlow, both of Woodstock.
At Albany, Nov. 24, at the residence of the bride's father, by Samuel V. Foster, esq., Mr. James A. Bennett and Miss Edna Crooker, both of Albany.
At Bethel, Nov. 21, by Rev. D. Garland, Mr. Ervin Stearns and Miss Minnie A. Littlehale, both of Newry.
At South Paris, Nov. 30, by Rev. J. C. Sprague, Mr. Charles E. Swan and Miss Lillian M. Freeman, both of Norway.
At Andover, Dec. 2, by Rev. J. S. Richards, Mr. N. S. Sabin of Albany, and Miss Nellie J. Hersey of Waterford.

DIED.

At No. Waterford, Dec. 3, Frank S. Holson, aged 28 years, 11 months.
At Oxford, Nov. 19, Annie, daughter of Henry and Margaret Phillips, aged 13 months.
At Oxford, Nov. 23, Lacey, wife of Ichabod M. Mowbray, aged 15 months.
At Otisfield, Nov. 17, David Edwards, aged 67 years.
At Jersey City, N. J., Dec. 1, Mrs. Martha Wilkins, daughter of the late Ichabod Bartlett, aged 51 years.

Splendid Flour! Globe Brand!

LARGE STOCK, GEO. W. HOLMES' STORE, AT THE FALLS.

ALSO, Groceries, Glass, and Earthen WARE.

A NICE LOT OF LAMPS, SHADES, CHIMNEYS, Etc. Full Line of GROCERIES.

Teas, Coffee, Spices, Shelf Goods, Tobacco and Confectionery. G. W. HOLMES, STEEP FALLS, NORWAY, ME.

YOU CAN BUY WATCHES

—AT—
HORACE COLE'S FROM ONE DOLLAR TO ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS.

CLOCKS

—AT—
HOBBS' VARIETY STORE.

FROM \$2 TO \$15. Always in Stock!

GOLD CHAINS

AT HOBBS' VARIETY STORE. The Sun.

NEW YORK, 1882.

More people have read THE SUN during the year just now passing than ever before since it was first printed. No other newspaper has so large a circulation as this. Its best bought and read in any year by so many men and women.

We are credibly informed that people buy, read and like THE SUN for the following reasons, among others:

Because people have learned that in its remarks concerning persons and affairs THE SUN makes a practice of telling them the exact truth to the best of its ability three hundred and sixty days in the year, and that its election as well as after, about the whales as well as about the small fish, in the face of its constant and fearlessly as when supported by general approval. THE SUN has a right to be proud of its position.

Because it is everybody's newspaper. No man is so humble that THE SUN is indifferent to his welfare and his rights. No man is so rich that he can afford to be indifferent to the principles of right and wrong.

Because in politics it has fought for a dozen years, without intermission and sometimes almost alone among newspapers, the fight that has resulted in the recent overwhelming popular verdict against Robbery and for honest government. No matter what party is in power, THE SUN stands for the rights of the people against the ambition of bosses, the encroachments of monopolists, and the dishonest schemes of public robbers.

All this is what we are told almost daily by our friends. One man holds that THE SUN is the best religious newspaper ever published, because its Christianity is unflinching with facts. Another holds that it is the best Republican newspaper printed, because it has already whipped out of the arena one of the most powerful parties, and is proceeding against the other half with unabated vigor.

A third believes it to be the best magazine of general literature in existence, because its readers miss nothing worthy of notice that is current in the world of thought. So every friend of THE SUN is bound to discover one of its appeals with particular force to his individual likes.

If you already know THE SUN, you will not wonder that in 1882 it has a little better than ever before. If you do not already know THE SUN, you will find it to be a mirror of all human activity, a storehouse of the latest progress of common sense and imagination. A masterpiece for the cause of honest government, a sentinel for genuine Jeffersonian Democracy, a source for wisdom of every species, and an uncommonly good investment for the coming year.

Terms to Mail Subscribers. The several editions of THE SUN are sent by mail, postage as follows: PAPER—\$5 cents a week, \$2.50 a year; with Sunday edition, \$7.75. PAPER—\$4 cents a week, \$2.00 a year. WEEKLY—\$1 a year. Eight pages of the best selected news of the day, and the best Department of unequalled worth, market reports, and literary, scientific and miscellaneous matter. THE SUN is the paper for the farmer's household. To get it with an extra copy free. Address: I. W. ENGLAND, Publisher, THE SUN.

The Best and Largest Line of 5, 10 and 25 Cent TOYS in the County, at HOBBS' VARIETY STORE.

Large Stock of Ladies' and Gents' CHRISTMAS SLIPPERS, at Allen's. Call and see the

